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VACCINATION.

ON the western side of Trafalgar Square, beneath the shadow of the great sea-lion Admiral Lord Nelson, might have been seen, until recently, the statue of a pensive-looking almost beardless man seated in a chair. But a new location in Kensington Gardens has been selected for this statue, which is that of Dr Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination.

Edward Jenner was born at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, in 1749, his father being vicar of that place. He was apprenticed to a doctor at Sudbury, and afterwards came to London, where for a time he served under John Hunter. After taking his diploma, he returned to his native place, and it was here that he practised his profession, and also made that great discovery which has proved such an inestimable benefit to mankind. When he had become famous, and universal appreciation bespoke him a great man, he received many tempting offers and solicitations to take up his abode in the metropolis; but nothing succeeded in enticing him from the rural scenes amidst which his medical triumphs had been conceived. His life sped tranquilly on amidst the rustics he loved so well until the year 1823, when death somewhat suddenly terminated his earthly career.

As the village and neighbourhood in which Jenner served his apprenticeship was mostly a grazing country, he was thrown much amongst farmers and their servants. At a time when smallpox was raging among them, his attention was attracted by hearing a milkmaid say that she had once caught cowpox from the cows, and therefore smallpox wouldn't hurt her. He was much struck with this remark; and on making inquiries, he found it was a common belief about there, that whoever caught this disease from the cows was not liable to take smallpox. It is rather curious that just about the time that Jenner was making these inquiries, the same fact had been noted in Sweden, and

some inquiries were also set on foot there to investigate the matter.

With that talent for close observation and investigation which distinguished him, he pondered much over this remark of the milkmaid's, and made many inquiries of the medical men of the district. From them he obtained but little encouragement; they had often heard the tale, but had not much faith in it. The subject seems to have impressed itself greatly on his mind; for we find him, some three years later, when he was in London with John Hunter, mentioning it to him; and that distinguished man appears to have been struck with Jenner's earnestness in the matter, and gave him good advice: 'Don't think, but try; be patient; be accurate.' This advice he perseveringly followed on his return to his native place; and by careful experiments elaborated the great life-saving truth, that cowpox might be disseminated from one human being to another to the almost total extinction of smallpox.

The eastern practice of inoculation was first made known in this country by Lady Wortley Montagu, who was the wife of our ambassador at Constantinople, where she had seen it tried with good effect. Inoculation consisted in transferring the matter of the *smallpox* pustule from the body of one suffering from the disease to that of one not as yet affected by the disease. It is a fact that the form of smallpox thus communicated through the skin was less severe, and consequently less fatal, than when taken naturally, as was abundantly proved in this country. But, unfortunately, inoculated smallpox was as *infectious* as the natural smallpox—this fact forming the great distinction between inoculation and vaccination. The inoculated person became a centre of infection, and communicated it to many others. It was found after the introduction of inoculation that the mortality from smallpox increased from seventy-four to ninety-five in one thousand; and many of those that recovered, lost the sight of one or both eyes, or were otherwise disfigured. It is not to be

wondered at, with such a state of things as this existing, and the whole medical profession at their wits' end for a remedy, that Jenner should be looked upon, as soon as vaccination became established, as a saviour of his race.

It was while the ravages of smallpox were being felt and deplored over the whole country, that Jenner was quietly investigating and experimenting in his native village; and gradually little facts and incidents relating to cowpox were collected, until in his own mind an opinion was firmly rooted that this disease communicated by the cow was a safeguard against smallpox. About the time when he had formed this opinion, an accidental case of cowpox occurred in his neighbourhood, and he caused drawings of the pustules to be made, and took them with him to London. He showed them to some of the most eminent surgeons and physicians of the day, and explained his views; but from none of them did he receive any encouragement, and from some, nothing but ridicule. Fortunately, however, he was not a man to be easily turned aside from a purpose, or disabused of an opinion that he saw good cause for entertaining. On returning home, he was still as full of the idea as ever, and determined to persevere in his efforts; although he saw he must have proofs before he could get his professional brethren to listen to his theories.

It was on the 14th May 1796—a day which is still commemorated in Berlin as a festival—that a boy was vaccinated with matter taken from the hands of a milkmaid. The disease was thus communicated to the boy, and he passed through it satisfactorily. But now came the anxious and critical trial for Jenner. The same boy on the 1st of July following was inoculated with the smallpox virus, but he did not take the disease. In 1798 Jenner published his first pamphlet *On the Causes and Effects of Variola Vaccinæ*; and later, in the first year of the present century, he wrote that it was 'too manifest to admit of controversy, that the annihilation of the smallpox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice.' Soon after this, a parliamentary Committee investigated and reported on the new discovery in terms of the most emphatic approbation; and a declaration was signed by seventy of the chief physicians and surgeons in London expressing their confidence in it. The Royal Jennerian Society was formed, with Jenner as President; and thirteen stations for the vaccination of the public were opened in London, in the hope of exterminating smallpox.

Jenner's essay which explained his discovery had in the meantime been translated into several foreign languages, and had also found its way to America, where President Jefferson vaccinated, by the help of his sons-in-law, about two hundred of his friends and neighbours. From this time forward, vaccination may be said to have taken a firm hold of the civilised world.

That vaccination has not done all that was claimed that it would do by Jenner, is true, as the occasionally recurring epidemics of the disease only too fatally testify. But the gain from the time when cities were depopulated and a large percentage of the whole human race was scarred and disfigured by it, to a

time when no such suffering is now experienced, is a gain indeed, although it be but an imperfect one. It is, however, almost beyond a doubt that had more attention been primarily paid to vaccination, and had it not been performed in the perfunctory manner in which it often was by medical men, we should now be in a better position with regard to smallpox than we are at the present moment. For it is a melancholy fact that although the first to give vaccination to the world, England has not made such good use of it as most other nations. Feeling secure in the relief which it gave to the vast amount of mortality, we have in a measure let pretty well alone, while other nations have meanwhile enormously profited by the discovery.

It was Mr Simon, the late medical officer of the Privy Council, who published three admirable Reports on the subject, and probably brought together more practical truths on vaccination than had ever before been collected, that gave an impetus some few years ago to further inquiry. It was stated at that time, and with every appearance of truth, that the vaccine lymph becomes enfeebled in its protective power by a long course of transmissions from arm to arm. It was therefore proposed that means should be taken for establishing a well-devised system of renewal, which would be likely to give greater certainty of results and afford more permanent protection. Various attempts and suggestions were made in this country to introduce vaccine matter from its original source, the cow, or, better still, from the calf; and Mr Ceeley, a medical gentleman, who, like Jenner, worked hard at the subject amidst the worries and anxieties of a private practice, made many experiments, and did much to popularise the idea.

Early in 1882, the local government Board set up a small establishment in London for the purpose of affording facilities for vaccination directly from the animal. Some time previously, a case of spontaneous cowpox was accidentally discovered at Bordeaux, and from this case our government procured the virus which they are now imparting to a regular succession of healthy calves, each of which, before undergoing the ordeal, is carefully examined by a Privy-council veterinary officer, to insure its being in perfect health. The animal is then weighed, and led away for a few days to a comfortable stall, and fed on sweet hay, new milk, and oil-cake. An animal taken in on Monday would on Thursday be led into the vaccinating-room, and securely strapped to the top of a table which is ingeniously constructed to tip down into a vertical position. The top of the table is then thrown over and secured horizontally, the calf lying upon its side, and presenting the under surface of its body conveniently for the surgical part of the proceeding. The hair is first shaved off, and then some slight incisions about an inch long are made in the skin, and the virus introduced. This operation is performed in one part of a large room divided by a wooden partition. To the other part of the room, parents will in a few days bring their children, and have them vaccinated directly from the animal thus prepared, and may thus escape whatever evils,

real or imaginary, pertain to the practice of arm-to-arm vaccination. The calf having done its involuntary service to humanity, is, before dismissal, again weighed, and is usually found to have increased considerably—not, it may be presumed, in consequence of vaccination, but from the good feeding it has received.

The practical results of vaccination from the animal direct, are in some respects somewhat dubious. Belgium and Holland have long been familiar with it; but still there appears to be a lack of trustworthy records as to the efficacy of the process as compared with the arm-to-arm system. Whether the animal lymph is as potent a protector from smallpox as that which has been passed through the human system, cannot as yet be determined, though there would seem to be no ground for any reasonable doubt upon the subject. That the humanising process does in some way, at present quite inscrutable, affect it, seems evident from the fact that the vaccine from the calf loses its efficacy somewhat sooner than that from the human subject. It cannot be stored for so long a time as the humanised lymph, and this renders its distribution somewhat difficult. The best authorities, however, are now inclined to the opinion that the difference in this respect is not after all so great as was at first supposed. The two scientific men in charge of this station are, however, enthusiasts in this department of medical investigation, and it may be hoped that with the enlarged sphere of operations which government is understood to be contemplating, and aided by a well-appointed laboratory in connection with this establishment, an important advance may soon be made in their knowledge of the subject.

Compulsory vaccination has done much in other countries to free them for long periods from this loathsome disease. Sweden and Denmark enjoyed absolute immunity for twenty years; and in Austria, where very stringent measures of compulsion are resorted to, they succeeded in extirpating smallpox for long periods.

It was in 1853 that compulsion was first established in this country, and as at first nearly every one obeyed the law, it was attended with very beneficial results. At the registration of a birth, the registrar has to give notice of the necessity of having the child vaccinated within four months, and the penalty for neglect. From the registrar's return, it is seen at the local government Board if a medical certificate attesting the vaccination as duly performed, has been returned. Assuming that every child is registered, this system no doubt would answer well; but there is much reason to fear that many children in London escape being registered, and these do not come within the cognisance of the local government Board. It is a question whether some return should not be required from medical men of every child born alive, with the address of its parents.

Absolute care in vaccination and its universal adoption, combined with a compulsory re-vaccination on arriving at the age of puberty, would without doubt have by this time fulfilled Jenner's most sanguine expectations, and smallpox would have become extinct. At the same time, if the

government make vaccination compulsory, they have a most important duty to the public to perform. In the first place, they should undoubtedly ascertain that every known precaution is taken by all public vaccinators to protect from harm, or disease likely to arise from vaccination, those whom they compel to undergo the operation. Secondly, none but properly certified practitioners should be appointed to the stations. It is not alone sufficient that they be skilful vaccinators, they should also be able to take lymph skilfully from the vesicles without the admixture of the minutest particle of blood. An ignorant or careless vaccinator may do more harm than it is possible to trace. Thirdly, no lymph whatever should be used but that which is microscopically examined by one who thoroughly understands his work, and the public should be permitted to have a choice of either the humanised lymph or lymph direct from the calf. If these precautions were conscientiously carried out, we should soon have less objection to compulsion, and we should be in a fair way to seeing smallpox stamped out.

In America, according to the *Asclepiad*, the subject has received careful attention. The Report of Dr Joseph Jones, President of the Board of Health, of the State of Louisiana, extends to four hundred pages, and embraces everything connected with smallpox, vaccination, and spurious vaccination; while drawings are freely interspersed to illustrate, from point to point, the author's histories, views, or conclusions. Amongst the general conclusions which the author draws at the close of his treatise, the following are some of the most important: (a) Vaccination, when carefully performed on Jenner's method, is as complete a protection from smallpox now as it was in the early part of the century; (b) Without vaccination, the application of steam and navigation and land travel would have, during the past fifty years, scattered smallpox in every part of the habitable globe; (c) Vaccination has not impaired the strength and vigour of the human race, but has added vastly to the sum of human life, happiness, and health; (d) Inoculation for smallpox, which preceded vaccination, induced a comparatively mild and protective disease, but multiplied the foci of contagion, kept smallpox perpetually alive, and increased its fatal ravages among mankind.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLVII.—UNDER-CURRENTS.

SHIELD had not been so perfectly frank with Philip as the latter believed him to be. For instance, he had not mentioned that when Coutts came to him with affected concern on account of the position in which his brother might be placed by the forged bill, he had not admitted to him that the signature was a forgery.

What he said to Coutts was: 'Looks queer—but don't know. Accustomed to sign things that come through regular channel without looking close into them. Will see what Hawkins and Jackson have to say about it and let you know.'

Then Coutts took from his pocket a note which had been written to his brother by Austin

Shield and placed the two signatures side by side.

'I do not think that any one looking at these would hesitate to say that they were not written by the same hand.'

'Don't know. My hand shakes at times. Don't always sign in exactly the same way. Not always sure of my own signature—when it comes back to me. Will inquire and let you know.'

'I am positive that the writing is not yours, Mr Shield; and I should never have touched the paper if there had been any signature of yours beside me at the time. Although the amount may not be of much consequence to you, it will be a heavy loss to me. But I could have no suspicion of there being anything wrong, when I saw Philip's name to the bill.'

'All right. Will inquire.—Good-day.'

When Coutts left the room, this big bearish man growled fiercely and the growl ended in this note—'Skunk.' He immediately telegraphed for his friend Mr Beecham; and that was why Beecham had so suddenly quitted Kingshope.

On the day on which Madge made her memorable visit to London, Mr Beecham's conjuring friend, Bob Tuppit, called at Wrentham's cottage and asked for Mrs Wrentham. She could not be seen for half an hour; but Tuppit was ready to wait an hour or more, if Mrs Wrentham's convenience should require it. He was accordingly shown into the dining-room—the place where Wrentham spent the greater part of his evenings at home, smoking and concocting schemes for the realisation of that grand vision of his life—a comfortable income and a home somewhere in the sunny south.

Tuppit was a quick-eyed little man, or he could not have earned his living as a conjurer; and when he had turned himself round about twice, he had the character and position of every bit of furniture photographed on his mind's eye. He looked longest at a heavy mahogany desk which was bound with unusually massive brass clasps.

'What a duffer!' he said under his breath. 'He has got something in there that will do for him; and he puts on those big clasps like labels, every one saying as plain as plain can be: "Look here, if you want to find out my little game." Well, having gone in for this sort of thing, he might have taken the trouble to learn the ABC of his business.'

Tuppit's nimble fingers went round the desk and tried its fastenings.

'Spring lock, too. So much the worse for him. Dier will pitch on it at once.'

The door burst open, and little Ada Wrentham bounced in, her pretty cheeks healthfully flushed, the hoop in her hand indicating how she had been engaged.

'O dear!' she exclaimed, drawing back when she saw that there was a stranger in the room.

'Don't go away—I'm a friend of yours,' said Tuppit quickly.—'Don't you remember me? I saw you watching me when I was performing on the green in the summer-time, and you were with your nurse, and you sent me a penny.'

The child stopped, stared, then advanced a few paces timidly till she came to a sunbeam

which crossed the room, dividing it in two. Then she put out her pretty hands, moving them to and fro as if laying them in the sunshine, whilst her eyes were full of wonder.

'Was it you did all those funny things with the cards and the pigeons and the pennies, and the orange and the glass of water?'

'That was me, Ada—you see I know your name—and if you like, I will show you some more funny things just now whilst I am waiting for your mamma.'

'I'll go and bring mamma. She would like to see them too.'

'No, no; don't go for her. She will be here as soon as she is ready. Besides, this is a trick I want to show you all to yourself. You are not afraid of the magician—are you?'

Little Ada peered at him through the sunbeam. He was such a little man; and although his cheeks were somewhat hollow and his complexion rather sallow, there was an expression of frank gentleness in his eyes which at once inspired confidence. A child might trust him, and a child is quick to detect untrustworthy persons.

'I'm not afraid—why should I?' said Ada laughing.

'Because you do not know me—at least you do not know me enough to be quite sure that I am not the wicked magician who tried so hard to kill Aladdin because he got hold of the wonderful lamp.'

'But that was a long time ago,' she said with an air of thoughtfulness; 'and papa says there are no magicians—no real magicians—and no ghosts now, and that anybody who pretends to tell fortunes or to do magic things is'—

The child instinctively paused and turned her face away.

'Is an impostor, and ought to be taken up by the policeman,' said Tuppit, cheerfully completing the sentence for her; 'and he is quite right so far. All the same, Ada, there are great magicians always close by us. There is the Good Magician, Love, who makes you fond of your father and mother and ready to do kindly things for other people. Then there are the wicked magicians Anger and Envy, who make you hate everybody and everybody hate you. But you know I don't pretend to be like them; I only make-believe—that is, I perform tricks and tell you how they are done.'

'Is that all?' she said, disappointed, allowing her hands to drop, and passing through the sunbeam, which had hitherto formed a golden bar between them.

'That is all; but you have to work a great deal before you can do so much.—Now, here is this big desk—your papa opens it by magic; but do you know how it is done?'

'O yes; he takes out a nail and pushes something in—but that's telling. Could you do it? I have seen papa do it often, and he did not mind me; but he doesn't like anybody else to see him, for he was angry one day when nurse Susan came in without knocking just as he was going to open it.'

Tuppit was already busy examining the brass screws. He found one the notch of which indicated that it was more frequently used than the

others. A penknife served his purpose; he took out the screw, thrust a thin pencil into the hole; pressed it, and the desk opened.

'Oh, how clever!—That was just the way papa used to do it, only he had a brass thing for sticking into the hole,' said the child admiringly. 'I've tried to do it.'

There was nothing in the desk; and Tuppit, with a long-drawn breath of relief, closed it, replacing the screw as before. But he had kept on chattering to the child all the time, and muttering parenthetically observations to himself.

'You must show your papa that you know how it is done, Ada. . . . Nothing in it may tell for or against him. . . . And he will think it so funny that we should find it out. . . . It's a sign that he knows the game is up and is making ready to bolt. . . . But you must tell him that it was only a little bit of Tuppit's conjuring, and that he was glad to find nothing.'

Ada drew back towards the door, a little frightened by the change in his manner, which betrayed excitement in spite of his self-control.

'I think—I am beginning to be afraid of you now. You are not like the good magician any more.'

'That's true, Ada,' he said humbly, as he wiped his brow with that wonderful silk handkerchief which was of so much use to him in his professional exploits. Cold as the weather was, he seemed to be perspiring. 'But you know the change is only one of my tricks. Now, I will come back. Hey, Presto, change. . . . There, am I not smiling the same as before?'

'No; you are not. You are looking ugly.'

'Ah, let me hide my head.'

He bent down with a would-be comical manner of astonishment and chagrin. The child laughed in a hesitating way, as if not quite reassured that it was all fun. As he stooped, his eye fell on a waste-paper basket under the table. He snatched it out, and found in it a ball of blotting-paper which had been crumpled into that shape by an impatient hand. This he smoothed out on the table and then held up so that the sunbeam fell full upon it.

'This is the thing. Thank heaven, it is in my hands.' He carefully folded the paper and put it in his pocket. Then with real heartiness he turned to the wondering child. 'Now, Ada, I can laugh again; and if there was time enough, I would show you some beautiful things. Look here, for instance. Open your hand; I place that penny in it.—Close your hand. You are sure you have the penny?'

'Quite sure.'

'Presto, change. The penny is gone.'

'No, it isn't!' cried the child, laughing, and opening her hand, displayed the penny lying on the palm.

'Keep it, keep it, my child; you deserve it; and take this shilling to keep it company,' said poor Bob Tuppit, who in his agitation had failed in one of the simplest tricks of the prestidigitator, as his brethren in the craft delight to call themselves. At another time, the failure would have been humiliating to the last degree; but at present the conjurer was too much occupied with matters of grave importance to feel his discomfiture.

Mrs Wrentham entered.

'I understand you bring a message from my husband, sir,' she said in her timid way.

'Not exactly, ma'am; but I want to speak to you about him. I am a friend of his, or I should not be here.'

He glanced towards Ada as he spoke, suggesting by the look that the child should be sent out of the room. But Mrs Wrentham was too simple to understand the hint, and Tuppit was obliged to take the matter into his own hand.

'I'll tell you what, Ada; you might be a good magician now, if you like. You could run out to the garden and pluck me a sprig of holly for my little girl. She is very fond of shrubs and flowers; will you send her some?'

'O yes. There is such a nice sprig of holly up at the summer-house that I was keeping for Christmas; but your little girl shall have it.—Is she as old as me?'

'Just about the same age; and now I look at you, she is rather like you.'

Ada flew out at the door; and Tuppit turned eagerly to Mrs Wrentham, his little form seeming to enlarge with the earnestness of his speech.

'You are astonished, ma'am, at the liberty I am taking; but the fact is your husband has got into . . . well, got into a scrape.—Please, don't alarm yourself. I hope we shall pull him through all right. I only came to warn you, knowing that he might have forgotten it.'

'Warn me about what?' exclaimed the lady, trembling without knowing why.

'That a gentleman will call here to-day and make inquiries about your husband. Answer him frankly, and, if you can manage it, do not look as if you were afraid of him. He is a good-natured chap, and will not press you very hard. But you must try to be quite calm and say nothing about my visit.'

The poor lady became pale immediately; and the first dreadful thought which occurred to her was that Wrentham had met with a serious accident of some sort—she had never approved of his horse-racing and horse-dealing proclivities. This good-natured friend was no doubt trying to break the horrible truth to her as gently as possible.

'Oh, please tell me the worst at once. Is he much hurt—is he killed?'

Bob Tuppit stared; but quickly comprehended the mistake which the wife had made.

'He is neither hurt nor killed, and is likely to live for a good many years to come,' he said reassuringly. 'He has got into a bother about some money matters. That is all.'

Tuppit felt ashamed of himself as he uttered the last words. What would a broken leg or arm, or even a broken neck, have been compared with the risk and disgrace of penal servitude? But Mrs Wrentham had no suspicion of such a danger, and was relieved as soon as she heard that her husband was physically unharmed. As for a difficulty about money, she was confident that he would easily arrange that; so she promised that she would answer any questions the gentleman who was coming might have to ask; for she knew nothing about her husband's money affairs, and therefore had nothing to tell.

Bob Tuppit looked at her wistfully, as if inclined to tell her more of the real position; but just then Ada came bounding in with the

holly and ivy—looking so happy and glad, that the man was unable to reveal the worst.

'They'll know soon enough,' he said to himself, as he thankfully took the bundle of shrubs and went his way.

OLD PROVINCIAL FAIRS.

As a survival of one of the earliest institutions of this country, the provincial fair is of special interest. Although it no longer retains the functions for which it was originally founded, yet its existence amongst us points back to a distant period in our history, when it not only served as an important rendezvous for the furtherance of trade, but was a centre whence the legislative enactments of the country were proclaimed. Originally, it would seem the fair was generally held during the period of a saint's feast within the precincts of the church or abbey, when worshippers and pilgrims assembled from all parts. As the sacred building, too, was frequently in the open country, or near some village too small to provide adequate accommodation for the vast throng assembled on this annual festival, tents were pitched and stalls for provisions set up in the churchyard, to supply the wants of the visitors. This practice soon induced country pedlars and traders to come and offer their wares; and hence in course of time it led to the establishment of the commercial trade-marts known as 'fairs.' It was not long, however, before abuses crept up, unseemly diversions and excessive drinking causing no small offence. For instance, in the fourteenth year of Henry III.'s reign, the archdeacon within the diocese of Lincoln made inquiries into the custom of holding fairs in churchyards; the result being that they were shortly afterwards discontinued in this diocese. In the thirteenth year of Edward II.'s reign, a statute was passed prohibiting the keeping of a fair in any churchyard. But this law was in a great measure inoperative, for markets seem to have been held in several Yorkshire churchyards in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and two hundred years later, the same customs occurred in Germany.

Whatever the exact origin of our provincial fairs may be, they are undoubtedly of great antiquity, although, singular to say, their charters are comparatively of modern date; the first recorded grant in this country apparently being that of William the Conqueror to the Bishop of Winchester for leave to hold an annual 'free fair at St Giles's Hill.' Respecting this old fair, we are told how, on St Giles's eve, the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens of Winchester gave up to the bishop's officers the keys of the four city gates; and that, while it lasted, the church appointed its own mayor, bailiff, and coroner. The rules, too, for its regulation seem to have been very stringent; officers being stationed on roads and bridges to take toll upon all merchandise travelling in the direction of Winchester. A tent of justice known as the Pavilion was held in the centre of the fair, in which offences of various kinds were tried by the bishop's officers. Every precaution, too, was taken that all packages of goods entering the city gates paid toll to the bishop, who likewise received the forfeit of any wares that might be

sold out of the fair within a radius of seven miles. 'Foreign merchants,' says Mr Morley, 'came to this fair and paid its tolls. Monasteries had also shops or houses in its drapery, pottery, or spicery streets, used only at fair-time, and held often by lease from the bishop.' This fair, therefore, apart from its historical value, is interesting in so far as it was in many respects the model upon which succeeding ones in other places were instituted.

Fairs were occasionally granted to towns as a means for enabling them to recover from the effects of war and other disasters; and also as a mark of favour from the Crown. Thus, Edward III. founded a fair in the town of Burnley in Lancashire. An amusing origin is given of 'Fools' Fair,' kept in the Broad Gate at Lincoln on the 14th of September, for the sale of cattle. It is recorded how King William and his queen 'having visited Lincoln, made the citizens an offer to serve them in any way they liked best. They asked for a fair, though it was harvest, when few people could attend it, and though the town had no trade nor any manufacture.' Stourbridge fair, once perhaps the largest in the world, was specially granted by King John for the maintenance of a hospital for lepers. Among other origins assigned to fairs, may be mentioned 'Pack-Monday fair,' which was in days gone by celebrated at Sherborne, on the first Monday after the 10th October. It was ushered in by the ringing of the great bell at a very early hour, and by the young people perambulating the streets with cows' horns. Tradition asserts that this fair originated at the completion of the building of the church—at the completion of which the workmen held a fair in the churchyard, blowing cows' horns in their rejoicings. There can be no doubt, however, that in many cases where the true origin of many of our old fairs has in the course of years been forgotten, another has been invented in its place, and handed down with every mark apparently of plausibility.

Perhaps one of the most curious features of our provincial fairs is to be found in the odd customs associated with them, these possessing an additional interest, as they help to illustrate the social life of our forefathers. Thus, from time immemorial, it has been customary at several of our large fairs—such as those kept up at Portsmouth, Southampton, Chester, and Macclesfield—to announce their opening by hoisting a glove of unusual size in some conspicuous place. This, it has been suggested, is the earliest form of royal charter, denoting the king's glove—the custom being thus explained in the *Speculum Saxonicum*: 'No one is allowed to set up a market or a mint without the consent of the ordinary and judge of that place; the king ought also to send a glove, as a sign of his consent to the same.' The charter for Lammis fair at Exeter was formerly perpetuated by a huge glove, stuffed and carried through the city on a long pole, which was eventually placed on the top of the Guildhall, where, so long as it remained, it indicated that the fair was still open. A variation of this usage prevailed at Liverpool, where, ten days before and after each fair-day, a hand was exhibited in front of the town-hall—a sign which denoted that 'no person coming to or going from the town on

business connected with the fair can be arrested for debt within its liberty.' Englefield, in his *Walk through Southampton* (1805), describing the fair held on Trinity Monday at Southampton, says it was dissolved by the glove being taken down, 'which was at one time performed by the young men of the town, who fired at it till it was destroyed, or they were tired of the sport.' Without enumerating further instances of this practice, there can be no doubt that, as Mr Leadam has shown in the *Antiquary* (1880), the glove is the original 'sign-manual.'

One of the quaint features of Charlton fair, formerly held on St Luke's Day, was the elaborate display of horns; the booths not only being decorated with them, but most of the articles offered for sale having representations of this emblem. For a long time, antiquaries were much divided as to what connection there could be between horns and Charlton fair, and many conjectures were started without any satisfactory result. At last, however, light was thrown on this much-disputed question by an antiquary, who pointed out that a horned ox is the old medieval symbol of St Luke, the patron of the fair. In support of this explanation, it was further added, that although most of the painted glass in Charlton church was destroyed in the troublous times of the reign of Charles I., yet fragments remained of St Luke's ox 'with wings on his back, and goodly horns on his head.' As an additional illustration on this point, we may quote the following extract from Aubrey's *Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme*: 'At Stoke-Verdon, in the parish of Broad Chalke, Wilts, was a chapel dedicated to St Luke, who is the patron saint of the horn-beasts and those that have to do with them; wherefore the keepers and foresters of the New Forest come hither at St Luke's tide with their offerings to St Luke, that they might be fortunate in their game, the deer, and other cattle.' Many of those, also, who visited Charlton fair wore a pair of horns on their heads, and the men were attired in women's clothes; a mode of masquerading thus described by a writer of the last century: 'I remember being there upon Horn fair-day; I was dressed in my landlady's best gown, and other women's attire.' Referring to St Luke's Day, Drake tells us in his *Eboracum* that a fair was annually kept up at York for all sorts of small-wares, and was popularly known as 'Dish-fair,' from the large quantity of wooden dishes exposed for sale. It was also characterised by an old custom of 'bearing a wooden ladle in a sling on two stangs about it, carried by four sturdy labourers; this being, no doubt, in ridicule of the meanness of the wares brought to the fair.' At Paignton fair, Exeter, it was customary, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, to draw through the town a plum-pudding of immense size, and afterwards to distribute it to the crowd. The ingredients which on one occasion composed this pudding were as follows: four hundred pounds of flour, one hundred and seventy pounds of beef-suet, one hundred and forty pounds of raisins, and two hundred and forty eggs. It was kept constantly boiling in a brewer's copper from the Saturday morning to the Tuesday following, when it was placed on a car profusely decorated and drawn along the streets by eight oxen.

Again, among the numerous other customs which were attached to many of our fairs may be mentioned that popularly designated as 'Walking the Fair.' Thus, at Wolverhampton, on the eve of the great fair which took place on the 9th of July, a procession of men in antique armour paraded the town, preceded by the local authorities. According to tradition, this ceremony took its rise when Wolverhampton was a great emporium for wool and resorted to by merchants from all parts of England. These processions, however, were in all probability the remains of the Corpus Christi pageantry, which was frequently celebrated at the yearly fairs. At Avingham fair, held about twelve miles from Newcastle, an amusing ceremony was celebrated called 'Riding the Fair.' Early in the morning a procession moved from the principal alehouse in the village, headed by two pipers, known as the 'Duke of Northumberland's pipers,' who, fancifully dressed up for the occasion, were mounted on horses gaily caparisoned, and specially borrowed for the day. These pipers, followed by the Duke of Northumberland's agent, bailiff, and a numerous escort, rode through the fair; and after proclaiming it opened, they 'walked the boundary of all that was, or had been, common or waste land.' Riding the boundaries is still annually practised in many provincial parishes.

We must not omit to mention the 'Procession of Lady Godiva'—one of the grandest of these shows, and which has been the distinguishing feature of Coventry Show Fair, for many years one of the chief marts in the kingdom. This celebrated fair has generally commenced upon Friday in Trinity-week, the charter for it having been granted, it is said, by Henry III. in the year 1218, at the instigation of Randle, Earl of Chester. It is noteworthy, however, that the tradition of Lady Godiva is not confined to Coventry fair, a similar one having been handed down in the neighbourhood of St Briavel's, Gloucestershire. Thus Rudder, in his *History of this county* (1779), tells us how, formerly, after divine service on Whitsunday, pieces of bread and cheese were distributed to the congregation at church. To defray the expenses, every household in the parish paid a penny to the churchwardens, and this was said to be for the liberty of cutting and taking wood in Hudnalls. Tradition affirms that 'this privilege was obtained of some Earl of Hereford, then lord of the Forest of Dean, at the instance of his lady, upon the same hard terms that Lady Godiva obtained the privileges for the citizens of Coventry.'

Again, at the Whitsuntide fair held at Hinckley in Leicestershire, one of the principal attractions was the procession of the millers, who, having assembled from all the neighbouring villages, marched in grand array with the 'king of the millers' at their head. From the various accounts recorded of this ceremony, it appears that the dresses were generally most elaborate; and one writer, in 1787, describing these shows, says: 'The framework knitters, wool-combers, butchers, carpenters, &c., had each their plays, and rode in companies bearing allusions to their different trades.' Then there was the well-known practice of 'Crying the Fair.' Thus, in connection

with Stourbridge fair we read how in the year 1548 a proclamation was issued by the university of Cambridge in 'crying the fair,' in which it was directed, among other clauses, that 'no brewer sell into the fayer a barrell of ale above two shillings; no longe ale, no red ale, no ropye ale, but good and holsome for man's body, under the penaltie of forfeiture.'

Ravenglass fair, celebrated annually at Muncaster in Cumberland, was the scene of a peculiar ceremony, which is thus described in Lyson's *Magna Britannia*: 'The lord's steward was attended by the sergeant of the borough of Egremont with the insignia called the bow of Egremont, the foresters with their bows and horns, and all the tenantry of the forest of Copeland, whose special service was to attend to the lord and his representatives at Ravenglass fair, and remain there during its continuance.' In order, also, to attract visitors, various modes of diversion were contrived; these generally succeeding in bringing together large concourses of people from outlying districts. Thus, occasionally, a mock-mayor was appointed, whose duty it was to try any unfortunate person who on some trumped-up charge might be brought before him. It has been suggested that these mock-trials may have originated in the courts which were granted at fairs 'to take notice of all manner of causes and disorders committed upon the place, called pie-powder, because justice was done to any injured person before the dust of the fair was off his feet.' A notable instance of this custom was kept up at Bodmin Riding in Cornwall, on St Thomas à Becket's Day. A mock-court having been summoned, presided over by a Lord of Misrule, an unpopular individual so unlucky as to be captured was dragged to answer a charge of felony; the imputed crime being such as his appearance might suggest—a negligence in his attire or a breach of manners. With ludicrous gravity, we are told in the *Parochial History of Cornwall*, 'a mock-trial was then commenced, and judgment was gravely pronounced, when the culprit was hurried off to receive his punishment. In this, his apparel was generally a greater sufferer than his person, as it commonly terminated in his being thrown into the water or the mire.'—'Take him before the Mayor of Halgaver;' 'Present him in Halgaver Court,' being old Cornish proverbs.

A similar institution has existed from time immemorial at the little town of Penryn in Cornwall, at the annual festival of Nutting, when the 'Mayor of Mylor' is chosen. According to popular opinion, says Mr Hunt, in his *Romances of the West of England*, 'there is a clause in the borough charter compelling the legitimate mayor to surrender his power to the "Mayor of Mylor" on the day in question, and to lend the town-sergeant's paraphernalia to the gentlemen of the shears.' At the yearly fair, too, held in the village of Trelleton, a mock-mayor was until a very few years ago elected, this ceremony forming part of the after-dinner proceedings. 'Three persons,' says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 'were nominated, and it was the rule that each candidate on receiving a vote should drink a glass of wine—a "bumper" to the health of the voter—so that the one elected was not very steady on his feet when all the company had

polled and the newly elected mayor had to be installed.'

Lastly, referring to the days on which fairs were formerly held, it appears from *The Book of Fairs* that they were kept up on Good-Friday at St Austell, Cornwall; Droitwich, Worcestershire; Grinton, Yorkshire; High-Budleigh, Devonshire; and at Wimborne, Dorsetshire. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says that he saw a 'brisk fair going on in the little village of Perran's Porth, Cornwall, not far from the curious oratory of St Piran, on Good-Friday in 1878.' In some places, too, Sunday seems to have been selected; for in Benson's *Vindication of the Methodists* we find the following paragraph, with special reference to Lincolnshire: 'Wakes, feasts, and dancing begin in many parishes on the Lord's Day, on which also some fairs and annual markets are held.'

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

I.—THE DISINHERITED PRINCE.

It was the proud boast of the late Mr Charles James Stuart, of Balquhalloch, N.B., that he was the direct representative and lawful heir of the unfortunate royal family of Scotland. I do not quite know how he derived his descent, or from whom; but I feel sure that, had he lived at the beginning of the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century, he would, with considerable confidence, have contested the right of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges to reign over the northern, if not also the southern portion of Great Britain. He was not born, however, until 1796; and at that time there were in the Highlands but few people who still chafed under Hanoverian rule. When, therefore, as a young man, he first went to London, instead of plotting rebellion against the authority of King George III, he fell in love with an English girl named Eleanor Tudor, who also claimed, and, I think, not without justice, to be lineally descended from royal ancestors. A portrait of this lady was until quite recently in the possession of her daughter, Miss Stuart. She was not beautiful; and I strongly suspect that Mr Stuart would not have wooed her, had she borne any other name than Tudor; but the prospect of once more uniting the old kingly stocks of England and Scotland proved too seductive to be resisted; and in the summer of 1817, the laird married Miss Tudor at St James's, Piccadilly, and at once carried her off to his northern home. In the following year, Mrs Stuart gave birth to the above-mentioned daughter, who in due course received the name of Henrietta Maria; and when in 1820 a son was also born at Balquhalloch, he was, with equal fittingness, baptised Charles Augustus.

The old laird died in 1861; but in the meantime his son had grown up and married a pretty but penniless governess; and in 1857 a son, who was named Charles Edward, had been

born to him. Mr Charles Augustus Stuart, who, I regret to say, had more respect for whisky than for his magnificent ancestry, was seized with apoplexy in 1878, shortly afterwards departing this life; and in 1880, when the events which I am about to narrate began, the only living representatives of the old laird were his daughter Henrietta Maria, an eccentric lady of sixty-two; and his grandson Charles Edward, a lively and, I may add, rather unscrupulous fellow of three-and-twenty.

Miss Stuart was a tall and very dignified person. Twenty years ago, the thirsty cravings of Charles Augustus had dragged him into pecuniary difficulties, from which he only extricated himself by selling Balquhalloch and all its contents to his sister; and from that time, Miss Stuart was mistress of the fine old house, and maintained herself there in a style almost worthy of the descendant of a hundred kings. She was rich, her mother's relations having at different times bequeathed to her sums amounting in the aggregate to nearly three-quarters of a million; and she was generous, as all the poor of her neighbourhood would gladly testify; but, as I have already said, she was eccentric. She regarded herself as a British princess; she insisted upon her servants treating her as such; she lived in considerable state, and had a large household; and whenever she had occasion to sign her name, she signed it magnificently, 'Henrietta Maria, P.'

Young Charles Edward, on the other hand, inherited no fortune worth speaking of. His father had squandered his means in dissipation; and dying, left a paltry five thousand pounds, upon the interest of which the son, until 1880, lived in chambers in the Inner Temple. Up to that time he had no direct communication with his magnificent aunt, who, after purchasing Balquhalloch, had quarrelled with his father. In the spring of the year, however, Charles Edward happened to be breakfasting with his friend Tom Checkstone, who called his attention to the following advertisement in the *Morning Post*:

'A Personage of rank requires the services of a private secretary. Applicant must be energetic, well educated, of good address, and willing to spend the greater part of his time in the country.—Send full particulars to the Steward of the Household, Balquhalloch, N.B.'

'Balquhalloch is your aunt's place; is it not? I wonder who has taken it?' asked Tom.

'No one has taken it. My aunt always lives there; and, what is more, she is the Personage of rank.'

'Your aunt! Have they been making her a peeress, then?' demanded Tom incredulously.

'She's a little weak in her head, you know, on the subject of our supposed royal descent, returned Charles Edward; and she insists upon regarding herself as a princess.'

'And if she is a princess, what are you, Charlie?'

'Oh, I don't know. I haven't troubled myself to go deeply into the matter; but I suppose that in her estimation I am the legitimate king of England, or rather, of Great Britain. My grandfather claimed to be the representative of the House of Stuart; so, of course, as the only

son of his only son, I inherit that great but somewhat barren honour.'

'Well, I have made up my mind to write to your eccentric aunt's Steward of the Household,' said Tom. 'I have little to do, and, what is far more serious, little to live upon; and if the Princess will give me five hundred a year, Her Royal Highness shall have my services. —Is she rich?'

'O yes. I believe that she has a good twenty thousand a year, if not more.'

'And yet she lets you live here on two hundred and fifty! I can't say much for her princely liberality.—Do you know any one who will recommend me? And who is this Steward of hers?'

'He is a Scotchman, named M'Dum—Donald M'Dum. He used to be merely a kind of farm-bailiff; but he falls in with all my aunt's whims, and I rather fancy he is making a good thing out of his place.'

'Not what you would call a very upright man?' hazarded Tom.

'By no means. From what I have heard, I should take him to be a regular money-grubber. George Fegan, of Figblossom Buildings, who was in Scotland last autumn, met him several times, and told me all about him.'

'Ah, I shall go and see Fegan. Don't you mention the matter. But remember one thing: if I get the appointment, I'll guarantee that the old lady shall take you into immediate favour. I have an idea, a grand one. At present, never mind what it is. If this M'Dum is as mercenary as you make out, we must raise money to bribe him to use his influence on my behalf; and the question is, how can we raise it? All my modest expectations are centred upon the death of my uncle Bligher, who, as you know, is already bedridden. When he dies, I shall come into a few thousands.—Will you lend me a thousand, if I want it?'

Checkstone and Stuart were old school-chums, and although not altogether prompt in satisfying the demands of their tailors, trusted one another completely.

'I could realise my small investments,' said Charlie; 'but by doing so I should reduce my income by fifty pounds a year; so I hope that the favours from my aunt won't be long in coming.'

'Then you shall realise; and I'll give you my promissory-note for the amount. But first I must see Fegan and make inquiries. I won't do anything risky; trust me for that. While I benefit myself, I shall doubly benefit you. When I have called on Fegan, I shall at once, if necessary, go down to Balquhalloch and see the great M'Dum. When I wire to you, you can realise; and I can draw upon you for any sum up to a thousand, eh?'

'So be it,' assented Charlie. 'And I hope you will get the appointment and help me out of my difficulties. Why, if only my aunt would do the proper thing, I could marry. She might easily spare, say, a thousand a year; and with that addition to my income, Kate and I could do very well.'

'That marrying craze of yours is like a mill-stone tied to your neck. You ought to look out for a girl with money. Kate Smith is an orphan,

and has no expectations; and in any case, you might—if you will forgive my saying so—do better than marry a governess.'

'My father married a governess!' exclaimed Charlie warmly.

'So much the worse. The race will be ruined! However, we won't talk about that now. While you are a bachelor, there is still hope; and you shall have your thousand a year very soon, unless I am vastly mistaken.—Now I am off to see Fegan; so good-bye. If I go to Scotland to-night, you shall hear from me to-morrow. All depends upon Fegan's report of the great M'Dum.'

II.—THE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY.

Fegan's report must have been at least to some extent favourable, if not actually encouraging, for that evening Tom Checkstone left town by the limited mail for Scotland. For reasons that will presently appear, he took with him half-a-dozen boxes of very fine cigars and a considerable quantity of personal luggage; and, contrary to his usual habit, he travelled first-class.

Early on the morning of the next day but one, after having spent a portion of the previous night at the *Bagpipes Inn*, Aberdumle, he hired the best conveyance in the town, and was driven over to Balquhalloch.

Balquhalloch Castle, as all Scotchmen and most Englishmen are no doubt aware, is a straggling building that dates back to the beginning of the fifteenth century. It occupies an isolated position, and consists of a grim gray keep, surrounded by a circle of stables, store-rooms, and servants' quarters.

It was to this ancient abode that Mr Tom Checkstone was driven. The carriage passed through the frowning gateway of the castle into a large courtyard, in which several servants in livery stood ready to receive it. Tom alighted, and, acting upon instructions which he had obtained from George Fegan, asked to see Mr M'Dum. His card was carried to that functionary, who at once professed his readiness to see his visitor in his private room. Thither, therefore, Tom was conducted; and scarcely had he taken a seat ere the Steward of the Household entered.

Mr M'Dum was a short, stout, red-faced man of about fifty years of age. He was negligently dressed in a brown velvet shooting-suit, and he was smoking a very large cigar.

'What can I do for you?' he asked bluntly.

'I have come down,' said Tom, 'with an introduction from Mr George Fegan of Figblossom Buildings, London.'

'Yes; I know him,' ejaculated M'Dum abruptly.

'And I wish,' continued Tom, 'to apply for a secretaryship which, as I see by an advertisement in the *Morning Post*, is vacant.'

'Well, sit down,' said M'Dum, as he threw himself into the most comfortable chair in the room; 'and we will talk the matter over.' And he proceeded to help himself to a stiff glass of whisky from a decanter that stood upon a table at his side.

'I think that I possess all the necessary qualifications,' began Tom; 'but of that you must

be the judge. Perhaps this letter from Mr Fegan will give you as much information as I can, and he handed a sealed missive to the Steward.

M'Dum took it, and having opened it, read aloud:

'MY DEAR MR M'DUM—My friend Mr Checkstone has seen in the paper that a secretary is wanted at Balquhalloch. He is a young man of means, family, good education, and address; he is, moreover, a sociable companion; and you may in all matters rely upon his discretion. I therefore highly recommend him to you. I take advantage of his journey to Scotland to send to you half-a-dozen boxes of very prime cigars; and remain yours very faithfully,

GEORGE FEGAN.'

'And here are the cigars,' added Tom, pointing to a package which he had brought in with him.

Cigars were Mr M'Dum's second weakness. His first was good whisky. In a moment his demeanour, which up to that point had been by no means friendly, altered.

'Good!' he exclaimed. 'The letter, so far as it goes, is perfectly satisfactory, Mr Checkstone.—Now, let us look at the matter as men of business. The fact is that Miss Stuart—the Princess Henrietta Maria as we call her here—wants a well-educated amanuensis. I manage her estates and her household, but—and I needn't attempt to disguise it—my education has been neglected. I am not good at letter-writing. Still, I have worked my way gradually up into my present position, and I am not disposed to imperil it. The man who comes here must be my ally. He will be paid four hundred a year, and will keep his place as long as he likes, provided that he gets on well with me. The Princess is not exacting, although she is eccentric. I do not suppose, indeed, that the work will be hard; and as there is plenty of good shooting and fishing down here, the life is very pleasant. I may tell you that Mr Fegan has already telegraphed to me announcing your visit, and that I am upon the whole prepared to engage you.'

'You are very good,' returned Tom, who, however, did not add that he knew the telegram in question had been sent, and that he was perfectly aware of its contents. The words were: 'I send down Checkstone for secretary. Easy to manage. Perfectly innocent and harmless.' Nor did Tom explain that he, and not Fegan, was the real donor of the cigars.

'Oh, it is merely a matter of business,' rejoined M'Dum. 'I fancy that we should get on together. But, since if you obtain the post you will obtain it through my good offices, and since I naturally desire to have some guarantee that the Princess's confidence in you will not be misplaced, you must excuse my asking whether you are prepared to—well—to make some small—what shall we say—some small deposit, some trifling payment as a security, you know?'

'Nothing could be more reasonable, Mr M'Dum,' said Tom.

'I imagine,' continued the Steward, who was much encouraged by Tom's words, 'that a premium, say, of two years' salary would not, under the circumstances, be excessive; for the post would practically be a permanency. Two years' salary would be eight hundred pounds.'

'Yes; I think that eight hundred pounds would not be excessive,' said Tom. 'I am ready to agree to pay that sum.'

'That's good! Then I will introduce you to the Princess.' And placing his unfinished cigar in an ash-tray upon the table, Mr M'Dum arose, and led the way through some long and cheerless stone passages into a more pretentious and better furnished part of the huge building. Leaving Tom in a panelled anteroom, he went forward to announce him; and returning, conducted the new secretary into the presence.

In a large armchair in a long low drawing-room sat the Princess Henrietta Maria. Tom bowed low as soon as he saw her, and then—acting upon directions which had been supplied to him by Mr Fegan—advanced and respectfully kissed the tips of her outstretched fingers.

'Mr M'Dum tells me,' said the Princess, 'that you are in all respects competent to act as our private secretary. We particularly need the services of an amanuensis just now, because we are drawing up some memoirs of our family. The documents are here in the castle; but our health does not permit of sufficient progress with the work. Are you prepared to undertake the duties?'

'I am, your Royal Highness,' assented Tom meekly, as he stood before the majestic old lady.

'That is well. And when can you begin those duties, Mr Checkstone?'

'I am at any moment at your Royal Highness's disposal,' said Tom. 'I can even take up my residence here to-day, should your Royal Highness wish it.'

'Let it be so, then, Mr Checkstone. Mr M'Dum shall conduct you to your apartments; and I myself will take an early opportunity of visiting them and of satisfying myself that you will be comfortable.'

The Princess signified that the audience was over; and Tom and the Steward backed out of the room, bowing low as they went.

'You should not have said that you would come in to-day,' said M'Dum, as soon as the door was shut. 'And besides, how can you do so? Where is your luggage?'

'It is at the inn at Aberdumle,' answered Tom. 'I thought, under any circumstances, of staying in Scotland for a few weeks; and so I came prepared.'

'Humph!' ejaculated M'Dum, who was somewhat annoyed at his protégé's precipitancy.—'Now, if you don't mind, we will go back to my little office and complete our business arrangements.'

Ten minutes later, Mr M'Dum was the richer by a promissory-note for eight hundred pounds, and Tom was formally installed as private secretary to the Princess Henrietta Maria. At the earliest possible moment he sent back the conveyance to Aberdumle, instructing the coachman to forward his luggage to the castle, and intrusting the man with two telegrams, worded in French, one being addressed to George Fegan, and the other to Charles Edward Stuart.

Later in the day, the Princess requested him to attend her in the library; and there, without many preliminaries, he began, under her supervision, to transcribe the contents of numerous musty documents in English, and to translate those of others that were written in French and

Latin. He worked for only a couple of hours; and then the Princess, bidding him lay aside his pen, sat and talked to him about London, about politics, and about books. In the evening he played chess and smoked with Mr M'Dum; and after the toddy had been done full justice to, he retired, well satisfied, to his own snug rooms on the second floor of the ancient keep.

Thus did he spend his time for a week and more, until one afternoon the Princess fell to talking about the sad fate of her family.

'The principle of divine right,' she said, 'cannot be altered by popular clamour. It is a reality. She who at present sits upon the throne of these kingdoms is no more the Queen than you are. Excellent woman though she is, she is but the representative of usurpers. True kings cannot be made by vulgar acclamation, neither can wrong become right by lapse of time. But the blood of our race has been tainted. Our royal brother of sacred memory—though, to be sure, he never recognised his exalted position—married a commoner; and how can I expect that the child of that union should be worthy of his splendid ancestry? Ah, that child! What possibilities are his, if only he had the energy to seize them! But he cares nothing. He is content to live obscure. He will not accept his destiny.'

'Nay!' suggested Tom; 'perhaps he lives obscure because he is poor. Perhaps he is too proud to let it be known that he who exists upon a miserable two hundred and fifty pounds a year is the king of Great Britain. Your Royal Highness must not be unjust.'

'Would that what you say were true!' ejaculated the Princess. 'But if he only made some sign of his desire to win his own, heaven knows that I would aid him with my fortune, and even, if need were, with my life.'

'Your Royal Highness's sentiments are worthy of her great lineage,' said Tom courteously. 'I happen to know that the facts are as I have hinted; for, although I have not yet mentioned it, I have the honour of your Royal Highness's august nephew's acquaintance. Indeed, I may say the king deigns to honour me with his friendship.'

'The king!' exclaimed the Princess, with beaming eyes—'the king! You have heard His Majesty speak, have seen His Majesty walk, and you have not told me! Oh, Mr Checkstone, I cannot tell you how it rejoices me to have one of the king's friends in my service!—What is His Majesty's will? What are His Majesty's plans? You may trust me. I am devoted wholly and entirely to his interests. How I have longed to learn of his intention to take his rightful position!'

Thus encouraged, Tom Checkstone related to the Princess a very plausible and interesting story, the main points of which he did not forget to communicate by letter to his friend in London. He assured the Princess that poverty alone prevented the king from taking action; that His Majesty chafed grievously in his enforced seclusion; and that the legitimate sovereign of Great Britain, in spite of the plebeian origin of his mother, was in all respects a worthy descendant of the Jameses.

'Then His Majesty must come hither,' said the Princess. 'But I am greatly in doubt whether

I can place implicit confidence in Mr M'Dum. He is an excellent servant, but I fear he is not too loyal; and we must risk nothing.'

'Mr M'Dum,' said Tom, 'has very well taken care of himself hitherto. Your Royal Highness is perhaps not aware that he accepted a bribe from me when I applied for my present position in your Royal Highness's household. I have his receipt for eight hundred pounds.'

'Then, we shall certainly dismiss him,' remarked the Princess with signs of rising anger. 'But, as I say, he is withal an excellent servant, and it would not become us to act towards him in anger. I will pension him; and when he has left the castle, we may receive the king without any risk; for all my other servants have from their childhood been devoted to the royal cause.'

The result of this conversation—all the details of which were faithfully reported to Charlie Stuart—was that Mr M'Dum, after a somewhat stormy scene with the Princess, quitted Balquhalloch, with an eye to an eligible public-house in Glasgow; and on the day of his departure, the Princess wrote a loyal and affectionate letter to her nephew, and despatched it to him by the hands of her chaplain, the Rev. Octavius M'Fillan, a priest who, although he possessed no remarkable degree of intelligence, was of unimpeachable devotion to the Princess, and of great simplicity and kindness of heart. 'Our castle,' the letter concluded, 'is held at your Majesty's disposal; and all within it is at your Royal service.'

Father M'Fillan, with much ceremony, delivered the missive to Charlie at his chambers in the Inner Temple; and 'the king' was pleased to say in reply that he would at his earliest convenience visit his well-beloved aunt in the north.

Two or three days afterwards, the second column of the *Times* contained an announcement to the effect that Catharine Smith, daughter of the late John Smith of Manchester, intended thenceforth to assume the surname of Plantagenet, and upon all future occasions to style herself, and be known as, Catharine Plantagenet. Fortunately, the *Times* was not studied at Balquhalloch, the Princess reading only the *Edinburgh Courant*, because it was a thorough-going Tory journal, and the *London Morning Post*, because it was of eminently aristocratic tone.

A week later, Charlie, who had meantime received some long letters from Tom, went down to Scotland.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE exhibition of feats of legerdemain is at all times entertaining; and those who have had the pleasure of witnessing the performances of such accomplished professors of the art of magic as the late Wizard of the North, or Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke of the Egyptian Hall, London, are not likely soon to forget the same. In Britain, however, it is only now and again that a magician of the first class, who is likewise a native of the British Isles, appears. Eminent British jugglers are few and far between. But in the ancient East, magic is, and has from time immemorial

been, much more generally cultivated. India, as every one who has resided in our great tropical dependency knows, counts its jugglers by thousands. Indeed, magic is there a recognised calling or business; it descends from father to son; and an Indian juggler, be he Mussulman or Hindu, would not dream of teaching his son any other business than his own—that of magic. And so it comes about that the supply of Indian jugglers is both large and continuous. The Indian juggler is a very humble individual; he does not appear before his audience in the glory of evening dress; his only costume is a cloth bound round his loins. And thus, if coat-sleeves or pockets at all assist in magic, the Indian juggler is at a decided disadvantage, for both his arms and legs are bare. He is a thin, an unnaturally thin, wiry-looking individual—the Indian juggler. I do not know why he should be thin, but I do not recollect ever having seen a fat Indian juggler. Fat natives of India there are in plenty, as those who have travelled on Indian railways know to the detriment of their olfactory nerves; but I cannot recall a single fat Indian magician. Again, the Indian juggler does not appear before his audience with the swagger of the man who knows his power to command the applause of crowded houses. On the contrary, he appears meekly before you at the foot of your veranda steps, obsequiously salaaming, quite prepared to be turned away with rough words, but hoping to be invited up the steps to perform; for he knows that if he once reaches the top of the veranda steps, he will, an hour thereafter, be one rupee, perhaps two rupees, richer, and he will thus have earned his living for a week. Not a very liberal remuneration this, you may think; and yet it is a fact that a juggler whose receipts amounted to ten rupees—say eighteen shillings in one month—would consider himself a fortunate man.

His performance is a remarkable one, though, perhaps, not more remarkable than a first-class exhibition of magic in Britain. But between the British and the Indian juggler there is one great and important difference. The former has all the usual elaborate paraphernalia of home magical entertainments—a prepared stage, back curtains, tables, chairs, boxes, &c.; the latter has nothing of the sort: all his appliances are contained in a cotton bag which he carries about with him; he is nearly naked; and his stage is the ground or the stone floor of a veranda. Very often two or three jugglers combine and pay visits to the bungalows, thus giving variety to the performance—for each juggler has his own tricks. Recently, I had a visit from an amalgamated troupe consisting of seven members—five men, one woman, and a boy. Probably the seven had conjoined their entertainments for that particular day only, and next day they might be performing separately again. If I give a description of what this party of seven did, you will have a fair idea of a juggling entertainment in India.

Two of the seven—one man and the woman—performed a single trick only, namely, the famous basket trick. The man took an oblong basket about two feet long, one foot broad, and, say, a foot and a half high. The woman was bound hand and foot with ropes, and put into a net made

of rope, which was securely tied, so that she was practically in a sack of network. She was then lifted and placed into the basket on her knees. But a two-year-old child would have filled the basket, and the result was that the whole of the woman's person, from the loins upwards, was above the basket. The woman bent her head; the juggler placed the lid of the basket on her shoulders, and then threw a sheet over the whole—hiding both woman and basket from view. In about a minute he pulled away the sheet, folding it up in his hands, and behold, the lid was in its proper place, and the woman was gone! The juggler now took a sword about five feet long, and with it he pierced the basket through and through in all directions, horizontally, diagonally, upwards, and downwards; but there was no sign of any one inside. He even removed the lid, jumped into the basket with his feet, and danced in it, until one came to the conclusion that, wherever the woman had gone to, she was not inside. The juggler again took the sheet, and after we had examined it, he spread it over the basket, holding it tent-shaped, the apex where his hand was being about three feet from the ground. In a minute he withdrew the sheet once more, and behold the woman was back in her old position on her knees in the basket; but the ropes and net had disappeared, and she was now unbound. This trick has a few variations, one of which is that after the woman disappears, the basket is handed round to show its emptiness, and some other trick is exhibited, in the middle of which the female performer reappears before the audience ere any one can notice where she comes from.

A third juggler now made his salaam, and began by performing the beautiful mango-tree trick. He took an earthenware pot, filled it with earth moistened with a little water, and placed among the earth a mango-seed which we had examined beforehand. This done, he threw a sheet over the pot, and almost immediately removed it again, when we beheld, to our astonishment, that the seed had in the space of, say, half a minute become a young mango-tree. Again the sheet was thrown over the pot, and on being a second time removed, the mango-tree had doubled in size. The same process was repeated a third time, and now the tree was covered with small unripe mangoes. This time the juggler plucked the tree up out of the earth, displaying the roots and the remains of the original mango-stone from which the tree was supposed to have sprung.

The snake trick, which was the next item in the entertainment, is one which has a peculiar fascination for native onlookers, for the fatal ravages of poisonous serpents in India for centuries have produced a horror of such reptiles among natives. Our juggler showed us a parched skin which had once belonged to a large cobra. We examined it carefully, and were quite sure it was a serpent's skin and nothing more. He placed this skin in a circular straw basket about six inches deep. The basket was likewise examined, and we found no double bottom or any other peculiarity about it. When he put the lid upon the basket, it contained nothing but the empty skin—that we were equally well assured of. The wonderful sheet before mentioned was again brought into requisition, and was spread over the basket containing the dry skin. After

the performance of some mystic manoeuvres in the air with a little wooden doll, the sheet was withdrawn, the lid removed, and out of the basket arose a huge hissing cobra, his hood spread in anger, and his forked tongue darting in and out of his mouth. Some native servants who were looking on fled precipitately in all directions; but the juggler quickly took out an Indian musical instrument—not unlike a miniature set of bagpipes—and began to play. A change came over the spirit of the cobra's spleen; his anger died away; he stood up with half of his body in a perpendicular attitude, and presently began to sway to and fro in a sort of serpent dance to the music. In a word, he was charmed—for snake-charming is a reality, and not a fiction, strange as it may seem to the people of Britain.

The government of India offers a money reward for every poisonous snake killed in the country; and the result is that there exists in India at the present day a class of men, called snake-charmers, who earn their living by going about in search of serpents. They play on the peculiar instrument before mentioned, and if any serpent is within hearing distance, it is irresistibly attracted to the musician. Serpents will leave the roots of hedges, holes in walls, come down trees, or forsake paddy-fields, if they hear this strange music. They erect themselves vertically before the player, who at once seizes them by the throat, and puts them in a large basket or bag he carries with him for the reception of unwise serpents.* What became of the dry snake skin, we could not tell; we never saw it again.

The next performer was an elderly patriarchal-looking man, who exhibited two trained tropical birds, the names of which I forget. These birds did some really astonishing things, and their master the patriarch must be a man of infinite patience. For instance, one actually loaded a small brass cannon set on a miniature gun-carriage, pushed the charge home with a small ramrod, and fired the piece off by applying a lighted match, held in its beak, to the touchhole, displaying not the slightest fear at the noise caused by the firing. The other bird would, if its master threw any small object into the air, seize the object in mid-air and bring it to the bird-trainer.

Numbers five and six—man and boy—of the troupe were circus-wallahs, and gave a native gymnastic entertainment, which, as it did not materially differ from a British performance in the same line, need not be detailed.

Number seven was a juggler of divers accomplishments. He swallowed swords, and put an iron hook into his nostril, bringing it out of his

* With regard to the theory of snake-charming, opinions differ. It is an undoubted fact that snakes will frequently emerge from hiding-places at the sound of the 'charmer's' pipe; but shrewd observers have reason to suspect that a single snake can be made to do duty for many, having been taught to obey the summons of its master's music (!) Thus, the wily Hindu will unobserved place his scaly pupil in some hole or crevice in the neighbourhood of a bungalow, or in the bungalow itself, whence he will lure it on a fitting occasion before an unsuspecting audience, who, deeming themselves well rid of an obnoxious intruder, applaud, and remunerate the charmer for having secured and carried away his own property!—Ed.

mouth. Neither of these feats, however, though undoubtedly genuine, is pleasant to look at. He blew fire and flames out of his mouth without revealing the origin or cause of the fire, and apparently without burning himself. He took about half-a-dozen stones of the size of, say, a hen's egg out of his mouth; how they got there, or how his mouth contained them after they got there, was a mystery. He was talking just before he began; but on being asked a question in the middle of this stone performance, he could not speak. After discharging the big stones, he wound up by disgorging about a handful of old nails and miscellaneous rubbish!

A much more pleasant trick to look at was the one which followed. He took a cocoa-nut shell with one end cut off, and filled it with water. In the water he placed a little piece of cork, having a bent pin on one side, and two straight pins on the other side, so that the cork as it floated roughly resembled a lilliputian duck. The cork lay dead in the water, and it was difficult to think what magic could possibly be got out of it. Presently the juggler, sitting about two yards off, took out a musical instrument and began to play a lively tune. Instantly the imitation duck commenced to dance violently in the water, suiting its motions to the music. The dancing continued till the tune was ended; then the juggler ordered the duck to salaam; and he was at once obeyed. He even requested the buoyant cork to dive to the bottom of the water; and his request was immediately complied with. While the performance was going on, the cocoa-nut shell was standing almost at our feet, and the performer was not only sitting beyond reach, but both his hands were employed in playing the instrument.

One more trick will finish my list. Our juggler told a native servant, whom he did not know, to stretch out his arm palm upwards. Into the outstretched palm he placed a silver two-anna piece, and—holding out his own bony hand to show us that it was empty—he lifted the coin from the servant's hand, shut his own fist, reopened it in the twinkling of an eye, and an enormous black scorpion dropped into the servant's palm. The latter fled shrieking with terror, for, next to the serpent, the particular aversion of the Hindu is the scorpion.

This finished the performance. In the foregoing, I have given as fair a description as I can of an Indian juggling entertainment; and probably you will agree with me in thinking that the feats of the poor Indian juggler are quite as wonderful as those of a first-class British magician, while the former suffers from numerous disadvantages which the latter is entirely free from.

A WORD ON WOMAN'S WORK.

BY A LADY.

WHILE education is doing much to relieve the question of the employment of women of some of the difficulties by which it has been surrounded, there is still great need of further effort ere the three million of women who are compelled to earn their daily bread shall be enabled to do so with anything approaching ease and comfort. Among the newer occupations for

the 'many'—few being as yet able to attain to the height of the professions—are china and card painting; but this market has become overstocked; and it is almost unnecessary to add that only those who are artists in every sense of the word can hope for success, originality of design being as necessary as correct drawing and good finish. Many women are now employed as clerks in insurance and other offices, and the movement has met with a large amount of success. It is to be hoped that this will stimulate others to follow the good example of finding employment for those who earnestly seek it, and such employment as they have proved themselves to be most fitted for. Numbers are employed in the Post-office; but competition is very severe in this branch of industry, and it may be asked: 'What will become of the already overcrowded ranks of male clerks, if a fresh contingent be admitted?' The reply, I think, should be: 'The man has many fields open to him; the woman, few.'

Shorthand writing may yet give employment to many women; the sewing-machine and the knitting-machine are also media for occupations more or less lucrative, but the main object of this article is to draw attention to an invention lately brought to our notice in various ways, 'the Scientific Dress-cutting'—of American origin—which is being so eagerly taken up by our countrywomen, hundreds flocking to the offices in London to learn the 'system'—some for the use of themselves and families; others, as a matter of business, intending as they do to become certificated teachers and agents. If any one is anxious or even desirous of seeing earnest workers, let him go to the rooms of the Association and he will be gratified indeed. Perhaps a few words from one who has just spent some days there may not be unwelcome, as many are inquiring about Scientific Dress-cutting.

Arrived at 272 Regent Circus, we are directed up-stairs; and at the top of the first flight we are directed to ascend a little higher, and then we are shown into a small room, where sits a gentleman, who answers questions, receives fees, writes receipts, and finally, courteously conducts us into classroom No. 1. There order reigns supreme. On the walls are the 'drafts' to be copied by the pupils, each and all correctly drawn by mathematical square measurement, the calculations being made upon a 'chart.' We take a seat, and are soon lost in the mysteries of arriving at the due proportions of a lady's figure. One pupil looks up with a smile and says, 'Is it not a fascinating employment?' another remarks in an under-tone, 'Well, this is a study;' while another declares it to be 'simplicity itself;' and so the work goes on. The teacher—whose patience is sorely tried sometimes—always seems ready and willing to render the needful assistance, and is kind and considerate alike to all. To our query, 'How long does it take to learn this system?' the reply is, 'Some learn in a few lessons, and some take longer.' One lady had attended the classes 'on and off' for a month, and attributed her prolonged study to the lack of consecutive lessons. But this is not always practicable when ladies live at a distance and have home duties which keep them away for days together.

Before leaving, we are introduced to the secretary, who, like the rest of the inmates of the establishment, until now has been a stranger to us; and as we are introduced, and she raises her bright, cheerful, honest English face, we feel that with her we shall meet with a friend able and willing to advise. When we leave the first classroom, we ascend more stairs, and are ushered into a room where skirts are to be discoursed upon—the 'short' to the 'trained' skirt being included in the lesson. Here we recognise faces we have seen in the room below; and, as in the other room, we find here also all classes represented—from the young girl who is learning to save the tedium of apprenticeship, to the first-rate dressmaker; and among the ladies, those of small means, who hope by the aid of the system to be better able to make both ends meet at the close of another year; to the lady of ample means, who has come partly out of curiosity, and partly to ascertain whether it is worth while to send her maid to take lessons, that her home-made dresses may in future be sure to fit well. Neither is she the only lady nor the representative of the only class who make at least *some* dresses at home, for there is scarcely a household where this is not necessary now.

In this room we are measured; and a curious and amusing performance it is, quite different in some respects from the way we should imagine it to be best accomplished; and here we may say that this feat is one of the most important in the whole process. Next to it perhaps stands the treatment of the shoulder. Instruction as to this is given in the 'Hints on Dressmaking,' with other valuable advice, as also on the 'chart,' which is part of the machinery sent by post with printed rules for the sum of twenty-two shillings, including the delicately made 'tracing-wheel.' But to attend a class for instruction is an advantage scarcely to be estimated by those who have not first tried to master the difficulties by themselves, and then placed themselves in the hands of a competent teacher; and the extra pound charged for the course of lessons is well laid out. There is no hurry; you can stay as long as you please, and will be kindly received; and you will pass on from stage to stage of the study until you are perfectly acquainted with the whole, each 'draft' being made separately and in its proper place in the course of lessons. Cutting and fitting are certainly women's work, and those who have taken up this new branch of industry benefit not only themselves but others.

The advantages of this system over the old plan may be summed up in one word—economy; for it saves time, trouble, labour, and material—time, by its exactitude; trouble, by not requiring fitting or 'trying-on;' labour, in the same way, and by having the turnings cut and the stitching-line marked, which serves for a guide for tacking and stitching; and of material, by its method of dividing and cutting. In this way the study soon repays any one for her trouble and outlay; added to which, it is an interesting employment; and many who have not yet left the darkness of the old guesswork method will be surprised that they held aloof so long, when they see how great an advantage it is to work scientifically instead of by 'rule of thumb.'

There are so many to whom economy is of vital importance, that we can conceive of none to whom this new system does not come as a boon indeed. Even those whose circumstances remove them from the necessity of exercising it themselves, cannot tell what is in the future for their daughters, especially should they leave the old country and go to sojourn in distant lands. Many a father pays what he considers an exorbitant sum per annum in dressmaking. One lady told us it was the case with her, and that was her reason for 'going in for the new method,' as she had six daughters; and hers is not an isolated case.

As agents are being appointed in the towns and cities in England and other countries, ladies will in future be saved the journey to London, as they will be able to attend classes in their own neighbourhood, as they do their cookery class. As an agency, the Society has found employment for numbers of women, who, as far as we are aware, are satisfied with the results.

THE STENO-TELEGRAPH.

A NEW instrument, as we announced last month, has recently been devised by Signor Michela, which, if successful, is likely to supersede altogether the present system of telegraphy. By its aid, the inventor states that it is possible to transmit from one hundred and seventy to two hundred words a minute—or about the rate at which the majority of speeches are delivered—in any language with which the operator is familiar. This is certainly a great and valuable achievement; and the instrument has this advantage over the more easily worked telephone, that it leaves a record of the message behind.

The following brief description will assist the reader in comprehending the method by which the instrument is worked. It is simply a printing-machine with two rows of ten keys each—six white and four black; the keys press on twenty studs, which by means of levers are connected with twenty styles carrying the signs or characters used for printing. The printed characters represent twenty phonetic sounds, which the inventor, by combining the signs and skilfully grouping the sounds in series, claims to be sufficient to represent all the phonetic sounds in any language. The system of stenography which he employs has for three years been practically tested in the Italian Senate; and it is now for the first time employed for the electrical transmission of words. The person who transmits the message listens to the words as they drop from the lips of the speaker; he subjects them to a process of mental analysis, arranges every syllable phonetically, touches the corresponding key on his instrument, and there appears on narrow slips of paper, as if by magic, a phonetic representation of the speech to which he is listening—not only on the materials before him, but on corresponding materials at the distant station with which his instrument is connected. He keeps his slips of paper as a record; while the slips at the receiving station are handed to persons, initiated in the mysteries of this system of shorthand,

for translation. Nor are its mysteries of an extraordinary character, for it is said that any intelligent person can translate this telegraphic shorthand after fifteen days. To transmit messages with facility, a study and practice of six months are necessary; and it is said that an expert hand can transmit as many as two hundred words in a minute.

The aim of the inventor is to telegraph by means of a keyboard instrument any speech, no matter in what European language, as fast as it is spoken. His invention may also be used for the ordinary purposes of telegraphy, with a great saving of time and labour. The instrument has been tried in the Italian Senate; and it may be seen at work every day at certain hours at No. 1 Rue Rossini, Paris.

The inventor claims that his instrument will be of especial value in the transmission of parliamentary speeches in the exact words in which they are delivered, to the different newspaper offices throughout the city and country. It is not, however, the practice in this country—with perhaps very rare exceptions—to reproduce verbatim reports of parliamentary speeches; but it is possible that those who are expert in the use of the instrument may be able to condense the reports and at the same time transmit them to the distant station. For country newspapers it would be absolutely necessary to send condensed reports; and this practice would be accompanied with disadvantages—trivial in some cases, important in others. No record would be kept in such cases of the exact words used by the speaker, and such records are occasionally of great moment. Where speeches are transmitted in their entirety to be afterwards translated, or if necessary condensed, the system would possess many advantages. Several persons could be employed in translating from the printed slips, and the copy handed direct to the compositors. It would, however, be attended with these disadvantages, that the transcription would not be made by the person who hears the speech, and consequently, any errors in manipulation would probably pass uncorrected to the press; while in condensing, the telling points of a speech may not receive, at the hands of any one who has not had the advantage of listening to the speaker, that prominence which they were intended to occupy.

The telephone has been used by the London press for a like purpose; but although in London the distances are short, it has not been found successful in practice, owing perhaps to the fact that it leaves no record behind, and that if it were used, it would be necessary to employ shorthand writers at the offices instead of in the House, as at present. The telephone is used, however, to communicate to the writers of leading articles what is passing in the House, so as to enable them to compose their work in the newspaper office.

There can be no doubt, whatever the future of Michela's instrument may be, that it is an improvement on the present system of telegraphy, in which each letter of a word is represented by a series of dots and dashes; and on this account, and because it points out the direction in which improvements in our system may be effected, we should give the invention our encouragement and support.

MAN AND NATURE.

The American Naturalist draws attention to the well-known fact, that the larger game of the Far West has been long diminishing in numbers. This, it goes on to say, is especially true of the bison, an animal which is unable to escape from its pursuers, and which can hardly be called a game animal. The once huge southern herd has been reduced to a few individuals in North-western Texas. The Dakota herd numbers only some seventy-five thousand head, a number which will soon be reduced to zero if the present rate of extermination continues. The Montana herd is now the object of relentless slaughter, and will soon follow the course of the other two herds. When scattered individuals represent these herds, a few hunters will one day pick them off, and the species will be extinct.

Let the government place a small herd in each of the national parks, and let the number be maintained at a definite figure. Let the excess escape into the surrounding country, so as to preserve the species for the hunters. Let herds of moose, elk, bighorn, black and white-tailed deer, and antelope, be maintained in the same way. Let the Carnivora roam at will; and in a word, protect nature from the destructive outlawry of men whose prehistoric instincts are not yet dead. Let the newer instinct of admiration for nature's wonders have scope. Let the desire for knowledge of nature's greatest mystery—life—have some opportunity. Let there be kept a source of supply for zoological societies and museums, so that science may ever have material for its investigations. By securing the preservation of these noblest of nature's works, Congress will be but extending the work it has so grandly sustained in the past, in the support of scientific research and the education of the people.

MICHAELMAS.

THE brief September days are waning fast,
And a soft mellow fragrance fills the air
With Autumn's sweetest incense; now the leaves
Begin to colour, and the varied hues
Of scarlet, amber, russet, crimson, dun,
Hang over wood and forest.

The bright stars
Of the chrysanthemums dot everywhere
The cottage gardens; the sweet mignonette
Still sheds her perfume 'neath the fuchsia-bells;
Scarlet geraniums and lobelias
Are in their fullest glory; here and there
A rose late-lingering shows her crimson cup,
Though gone her beauteous fellows; and aloft
The dahlia holds high her queenly head,
The sovereign absolute of all the band.

The swallows, gathering for departure, twit
Their shrill farewell; the dormouse and the bat
Go into winter-quarters; short the days,
And chill the lengthening nights:

For comes apace
Mellow October, last of the three months
That own the Autumn's reign; then fogs and wet,
And snow and ice and wind-storms close the scene.

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